UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Indemnities

By FRANCIS NEILSON

The Religion of Tagore

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Templars' Return to Palestine

By CHARLES W. WENDTE

New Books

By FREDERICK STARR

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1921 NUMBER 22

As long as there are glasses that are dark—
And there are many—we see darkly through them;
All which have I conceded and set down
In words that have no shadow. What is dark
Is dark, and we may not say otherwise;
Yet what may be as dark as a lost fire
For one of us, may still be for another
A coming gleam across the gulf of ages,
And a way home from shipwreck to the shore;
And so, through pangs and ills and desperations,
There may be light for all. There shall be light.

"The Three Taverns" —*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

What is there about "the hills," which makes us feel, as did the Psalmist of old, that hence "cometh our strength"? Is it that calm of demeanor which changes not with all the changing tempers of the sky? Is it that aloofness which seems to lift the summits to regions of cold, clean air, which know not the fret and fever of our swampy lives? Or is it that sense of stability and power, of rootage gripping the framework of Mother Earth, which defies the utmost might of tornado and earthquake to overthrow? We know not; but this we know, that "the hills" never fail to reach us and redeem us. To look out from Denver at the surrounding mountain ranges, is to feel one's self girded by the infinite. To look upon the towering peaks of the Rockies, is to know that here are things which cannot be shaken, "though the heavens fall." To skirt the rolling foothills of California, and see beyond an occasional summit robed in snow and ice, is to feel as did Matthew Arnold, when he wrote

> An air of coolness plays upon the face,
> An unwonted calm pervades the breast,
> And then he knows
> The hills where his life rose,
> And the sea where it goes.

Happy those who gaze upon the mountain tops, and thus by vision, if nothing more, escape the dead levels of existence! It is not surprising that in such places, as Sinai and Olympus, the men of old found God!

It is an inexpressible relief to note the resolution introduced into the Senate by Mr. France, of Maryland, providing for intervention by the United States on behalf of Germany, to obtain a reduction of the indemnity levied upon her by the Allies. If adopted, this resolution will at least dissociate America from this latest crime perpetrated by the conquerors upon the conquered. That it will avail anything to save the European situation, however, is not to be believed. The curse of madness is on the continent, especially on France; and it is going to take more than United States Senate resolutions to convince the Allies that the world is not to be saved by reducing an entire nation to a condition of wage-slavery for a period of nearly a half-century. When one recalls that the indemnity imposed, approximately $56,000,000,000 in amount, means a debt of $1,000 to be discharged by every man, woman and child in the German Empire, one gets some idea of the proportions of the monstrous act of reprisal. It is plainly not an attempt, in any sense of the word, to secure reparation for damages inflicted by German arms, but only a consistent working out of "the policy of the Allies," as Senator France expresses it, "to keep Germany prostrate and demoralized." What a "piker" Prince Bismarck was, after all, when he levied only $1,000,000,000 upon France in 1871; and how simple the world was, to be shocked at such moderation! Bismarck should "be living at this hour," and thus have a chance to learn how to handle a defeated nation.

"Never since 1798 have the forces of the Crown so disregarded their duty, nor have Ministers tried to palliate such excesses." Such, according to the *Freeman* (January 26th), is the statement of Lord Bryce, a man who knows history, and is accustomed to use sober words. It is to be hoped that this utterance coupled with recent statements of newspapers like the Manchester *Guardian* and the London *Daily News*, and the awakened activity of the British Labor Party, may be taken as sure evidence that liberal England is resolved at last to assert itself on the Irish question. We have all along been unwilling to believe that the liberalism which indicted Bomba, denounced the "Bulgarian atrocities," opposed the Crimean and the Boer wars, and revealed the horrors of the Congo, could fail to recognize what is going on in Ireland. We knew that Sinn Fein had itself tragically embarrassed the situation by its resort to violence; but, after all, violence by maddened men seized with a passion for liberty is one thing, and violence by the forces of law and order is quite another thing. Now at last it would seem as though the turn in the tide had come—English liberalism can keep silent no more! Challenged by duty and opportunity alike, this liberalism can now do something to restore that prestige so pitifully damaged by the War.

Weeks ago UNITY offered as a kind of slogan for the field of industrial reform, "Watch Italy!" We venture again to lift this cry for all who may care to

hear, for in Italy, under conditions infinitely more favorable than those in Russia, in collaboration with a goverment wise enough to meet more than half way the forces of economic change now at large in the world, labor is working out peacefully and progressively the technique of revolution. The latest evidence of what is going on, is the bill announced by Premier Giolitti for early introduction into Parliament, providing that the workers shall have definite share in the management of industrial plants. Under the plan suggested, employees in each industry will elect a National Council composed of nine members. Each Council will then appoint two representatives for participation in the management of each factory, their power to extend to technical, financial and disciplinary arrangements, including the fixing of prices and the purchasing of raw materials. Special commissions will be appointed to provide for those out of work. It is interesting and important to note that these proposals thus sponsored by the Italian government are being opposed by the employers on the one hand and the violent communists on the other—in other words, by the extreme right and the extreme left. Both these classes, of course, are preparing for a universal smash-up, on the principle of an irresistible force meeting an immovable obstacle. They are thus together, in Italy and elsewhere, the dangerous classes of society. Giolitti represents that movement of patient and yet drastic change which can alone save society.

Let it be set down to the credit of A. Mitchell Palmer that his Department recommended to the President a pardon for Eugene V. Debs! The Attorney-General has all too few wise and generous acts in his public record; therefore, let this be not begrudged him. What Mr. Palmer gains in this regard, however, Mr. Wilson very decidedly loses. We doubt if even the most bigoted war-patriot can find satisfaction these days in the continued confinement of Mr. Debs; or would attempt defense of a President who thus wreaks vengeance on a man whose sincerity and high-mindedness are unquestioned, and whose worst offense is that of untimely utterance of unpopular truth. Furthermore, this refusal to open prison doors answers once for all the question as to Mr. Wilson's responsibility for the unbridled tyranny which has characterized his administration ever since the outbreak of the War. Again and again it has been asserted by his friends, that the President was so absorbed in foreign affairs, that he was unaware what was going on at home—that the acts which have disgraced the nation in recent years were the work of Mr. Palmer, Mr. Burleson, Mr. Baker, and not of Woodrow Wilson. This has always seemed to us a lame excuse; not so easily is executive responsibility to be evaded! But now we have clear evidence that this excuse has no basis in fact. The President is more cruel than his own Department of Justice! What a paradox—that the administration of Woodrow Wilson, the liberal, should be destined to be remembered as the blackest period of reaction and repression in American history!

Every reader of "The Memoirs of a Revolutionist" will mourn the reported passing of Prince Kropotkin on January 29th last. One does not have to accept his philosophy of anarchism, to recognize in this great Russian one of the noblest, most courageous and most unselfish men of the nineteenth century. Nobly born, highly educated, fortunately placed in army and official life, he abandoned all in 1872, when he became a Socialist, joined the International Workingmen's Association, and later adopted anarchism and took an active part in nihilist propaganda. Thereafter came poverty, arrest, imprisonment, and exile. Behind all his thought and work, was a hatred of tyranny, a passionate love of liberty, and above all a confidence in the essentially co-operative instincts and aptitudes of human nature which convinced him that voluntary association could be safely substituted for law and governmental authority, as the basis of society. In demonstration of his theory of co-operation, as viewed from the standpoint of natural origins, Prince Kropotkin wrote his famous book on "Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution"—a classic in the literature of Darwinism. Showing that struggle for others was quite as central in the life process as struggle for self, Kropotkin made an original contribution to the doctrine of evolution which proved it consonant with the basic principles of ethics and religion. As a reformer, Prince Kropotkin will be remembered as one of the most distinguished and heroic of that little band of social revolutionists who fought the Tsar in the darkest days of Russian tyranny, and thus prepared the way for the great debacle of 1917. This event was at once the triumph and the tragedy of his life, for in the fall of the Tsar he saw the rise of Bolshevism, which was as abhorrent to him as to Tschaikowsky and Breshkowsky. His last days, however, were not without hope. He knew that, through whatever vicissitudes and disappointments, the Russian people were on the way to freedom.

The community church idea is here to stay—of this there can be no manner of doubt whatsoever! What is still a rather timid experiment in the conventional east, is a sweeping movement of reform in the more adventurous west. On our recent journey to the Pacific coast, we found in Colorado seven full-fledged independent churches organized on community lines, and more than a score of denominational churches which were in process of emancipation out of their

sectarian bonds into the larger liberty of society at large. In California it seemed as though community churches were springing up everywhere, like daisies in the spring. One of the most interesting men we met on our trip was a field secretary of a great denomination, who bore ungrudging testimony to the amazing vitality of this new idea in religious organization. What is impressive in all this, is the fact that this triumphant movement is a wholly spontaneous affair. Propaganda is having no part of any kind in the phenomenon. The community church is everywhere appearing of itself, because the people, incurably religious, are insistent upon expressing their spiritual consciousness and idealism in terms of the living present and not of the dead or dying past. What we now see is a new religion coming into being—which means a new age in history as revolutionary in our time as Protestantism was in its time.

Indemnities

There is only one way Germany can pay France the indemnity named by Lloyd George and Briand, if it be paid at all, and that is in goods. There is not enough gold in Europe to meet the bill. What then will be the effect on French trade when German exports of goods to the amount of one billion and a half dollars annually are dumped into France? Three serious consequences of such a policy must be considered: (1) The intensity of competition that will ensue, (2) the commercial change in French trade by the creation of an enormous re-export business, and (3) the effect of France's trade relations with other Powers. It is evident these considerations received scant attention from the political representatives of France and Britain at Paris, for no sane business man would jeopardize his trade by forcing his competitor to work longer hours for less pay, and this Germany must do, if she would comply with the Paris terms. The working hours of every day must be increased and wage for the vast majority of artisans cannot rise above subsistence level, if that vast volume of exports is to be sent into France. But what chance is there of Germany keeping such a contract when the stamina of the people has been reduced fully fifty per cent by blockade; the British mission's report of last year is conclusive in its evidence of the terrible damage done by it to the German people. Waive, however, the problems of stamina, longer hours and subsistence wage aside for a moment and consider only that of how the low cost German goods will affect home production in France, and how they will enter into fierce competition with French domestic goods in the markets of the world. There is no great difference to be found in the staple products of each country; indeed in semi and fully manufactured articles, in food and drink, they are pretty much alike. Now the result of flooding France with low cost goods will be detrimental to the interests of French workers, for purchasers buy always in the best and cheapest market. German goods would therefore undersell French goods, and her manufacturers and artisans would be forced in the long run to reduce costs to enable them to compete successfully with the German products. This, however, is only one of many serious trade difficulties which would confront France. The question of re-exporting the German goods is perhaps the most serious difficulty of all engendered by the Paris proposals. What would happen to France when she became a mart for the sale of low cost German goods? The bitterness she would meet with from her trade rivals in every great manufacturing country would be terrible to contemplate. She would certainly provoke grave hostility among the manufacturers of Great Britain and America by competing for their markets with goods of a value so low that they would undercut those of all other competitors. It was quite bad enough before the war for Britain and America to meet German competition; the ill-will and acrimony aroused in that commercial war went a long way towards creating the circumstances which brought about the European catastrophe. What would be the position and atmosphere in the markets of the world when France became the commission merchant of German manufacturers?

The politician proposes and the producer disposes. Already the storm of criticism and complaint against the Paris proposal is heard. In Great Britain the manufacturers are taking a hand at the thunder-machine, and Lloyd George is seeking cover. The President of the Board of Trade, Sir Robert Horne, said the Allies should not permit the Germans to pay the reparations in finished goods because such payments would demoralize British industry. Of course, and by the same law the American manufacturing industry would become demoralized. What then is the alternative? For Germany to pay France in raw materials? If that be suggested as a way out of the difficulty one might ask from where Germany will get her raw materials which will be necessary to carry on her manufacturing industry? Or is that to die of inanition? Such an idea would not be tolerated for a moment by far-seeing bankers and merchants, for it would mean nothing less than the destruction of sixty millions of Britain's best customers.

Suppose Britain, France and Italy were to put an embargo on German manufactured goods. Would that not force Germany to concentrate on the North and South American markets and there undersell the products of the countries which imposed the embargo? That would certainly be the result of such a proceeding. And what would be the good of a policy of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face? Then there must be considered another point of severe friction

if the embargo policy be enforced, and that is: how America will regard the action of her European allies when it forces Germany to use the United States and South America as the dumping ground of her goods? The question more than bristles with difficulties, it is in the nature of a porcupine loaded with commercial dynamite.

The indemnity business has a habit of working both ways, in your favor and against it; more often than not, however, very much against the interest of the collector. It worked that way in 1870, after the Franco-Prussian War. The vast indemnity exacted from France by Prussia hurt the new German states more than the loss of it hurt France. France recovered her commercial power much more quickly than did Germany. It is not at all surprising that that fact should be forgotten by European statesmen who as a rule are as ignorant of the laws of political economy as a blind puppy is of astronomy. When the minds of politicians and militarists are set on conquest it is futile to expect reason from them. Lessons of the past are useless to them; they never learn from the authority of experience. Peace and power concern them morning, noon, and night. Dominion is the watchword of their existence. The winner of the war never stops to think that the terms of the peace may bring crushing defeat. Their day, however, is as short as their foresight. Now they are amazed at the work of their hands. Briand finds himself in an *impasse*. Quarrels are the order of the day in the French Chamber of Deputies. Klotz, Tardieu, and the rest of the Poincaré-Millérand group are at the throats of the new ministry, which may not live as long as that of Georges Leygues. Briand has told Klotz, the romantic finance minister under Clemenceau that his figures, of what Germany could pay, are not worth the paper on which they were printed. All the imaginative twaddle about Germany paying off the whole of the French national debt is blown to limbo and now Klotz and his assistants have to reckon with the French public they deluded in the halcyon days in Paris when the great three drew up the Treaty of Versailles. This Briand says is a dead letter. But it was that from the first. The French premier says it will not work. Of course it will not work. No one who had a glimmering of the laws of political economy ever thought it would. Both Lloyd George and Clemenceau knew it would not work, and they knew that fact when they drew it up. It was a wretched political dodge which enabled them to wriggle out of an utterly untenable position. It served its little purpose, just as "Hang the Kaiser" served Lloyd George as a cry to win the last General Election in Britain.

The position created by the last Paris Conference when the amount of the German indemnity was named is not, however, without hope. It certainly brings us a good bit nearer the day when politicians will be forced to follow the lead of Briand and tell the whole unvarnished truth about Europe and her economic condition. It is all to the good to learn from Briand the Treaty of Versailles is a dead letter. It is useful for us to learn from the President of the British Board of Trade that the payments of the German indemnity in manufactured articles would demoralize British industry. These admissions will set men thinking, and perhaps in that rather unpopular process they may light upon the notion that whatever be the predilection or prejudice as to this or that nation no people in the world can thrive and prosper so long as two-thirds of the people of Europe cannot trade normally with the other third. FRANCIS NEILSON.

THE GREAT KALEIDOSCOPE

Look in my lens, and behold:
Towers and steeples and windowed walls
Roofed in the sky.
Waterways fringed with a forest of masts
From the seven seas.
Thoroughfares jammed with the traffic of trade,
Avenues brilliant with Fashion's parade,
Boulevards stately with homes,
Mile upon mile.
Fever of business, riot of pleasure, luxury's crest.

Turn me a bit:
Rickety tenements, nondescript shops,
Block after block.
Clutter of fire-escapes, motley of clothes-lines,
Slatternly groups at windows and doors
Gossiping, quarreling.
Sallow-faced children swarming the walks,
Push-carts and pedlers lining the curbs,
Infinite rubbish, myriad odors, babel of tongues.

Turn me again:
Hospitals perfect in system and skill,
Healing the sick.
Charities splendid in purpose and means,
Serving the poor.
Churches and missions salvaging souls,
Settlement-houses teaching of homes,
Libraries, museums, artizans' schools,
Feeding the mind, training the hand.

Once again turn:
Deft-fingered gamblers in palace and den
Fleecing their dupes.
Keen-witted swindlers in office and mart
Floating their frauds.
Pickpockets busy with crowds.
Burglars dividing their loot.
Fugitive autos speeding from crime,
Their victim inside or back stark on a stair.
And on alley and side street and white-lighted way
Dance-hall and brothel and dive
Flaunting their sinister lures.

I am the City, ponder me well!
Marvel my glories, shrink from my squalor,
Pity my shame.

New York Evening Post. —*Frederic B. Bard.*

CONTRIBUTED

The Religion of Tagore

It is interesting to know the religious thought of great men, particularly men who have given much attention to religion, as Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, who is just now in this country, has. As the result of such studies as I have been able to make of the writings and addresses of this eminent poet, seer and teacher from India, I think I may say that in his religious thought three things are noteworthy.

First, like every other great religious prophet in the world, Tagore stoutly proclaims the reality of *God,* the universal presence of God, and the life of nature and man in God. Unity is the great word. One Life is in all and over all and through all, and this one life is the divine life, the infinite, the eternal, God!

> The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measure. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow.

So real, so living, so near, is this God, that he becomes to us as a presence everywhere seen and understood and loved. In sun and dust-grain, in bird and fish, in work-shop and tool, in home and wife and child, in the secret places of the heart—here is God, a-near and far, sublime and humble, to be adored and loved and served. "Thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well."

Secondly, Tagore, like every supreme prophet of God, proclaims the gospel of religion *applied,* of *social action,* of God *realized* in the world of *life.* Not in meditation, or lonely prayer, or secret quietude, or remote asceticism, is religion rightly to be expressed. But out in the world, down in the slums, amid the dust and heat of the race, is the pathway of the soul. No exposition of this aspect of his thought is needed, in view of the eleventh poem of *Gitanjali,* so extraordinary as a product of the eastern mind:

> Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground, and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil! . . . Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in *toil* and in *sweat* of thy *brow.*

(3) Lastly, Tagore is the preacher of joy. Joy in our communion with God, and in our service of man! Joy in the beauty of the world, and in the goodness of life! Joy in our labor, and in our rest after labor! Joy in struggle, and in the peace that followeth struggle! Joy in life, and joy in death! In this word, "joy," is perhaps to be found Tagore's supreme contribution to the life and thought of our time. His is a joy which is not shallow but deep, not empty but full, not trivial but sublime. It is a joy which recognizes evil, but overcomes it in the good that it is in our power to perform. It is a joy that faces death, and gives death its place in the drama of life eternal. It is a joy which makes not only glad, but pure, the heart of man, and not so much easy as august the task of earth. It is in his treatment of death, perhaps, that Tagore gives best expression to his thought of joy. Not since Whitman wrote his chants of death, has the world seen such poems of glad salutation to the eternal mystery as are found in the closing pages of *Gitanjali.* As a bridegroom cometh to meet his bride, so Tagore approaches death, "the last fulfillment of life," the guest to whom is to be offered in joy "the full vessel of life."

In these three aspects of his thought, do we find the full expression of what we may call the religion of Tagore.

That this religion is a "reconciliation of East and West," is evident. In his thought of *God,* Tagore is a true son of that eastern world which has produced every great and true religion the world has ever known. In his thought of *social action,* or religion applied to life, he is closely related to the Western world, for this is more marked in the West than in the East, and, in appropriating this, Tagore appropriates what he believes is the best that the West has to offer mankind. In bringing his thought of God from the East to the West he brings what the West most needs, for materialism, he believes, threatens to be the West's undoing. On the other hand, in offering to the East his thought of social action, of practical religion, of a religion of deeds and of life, which he gets in a measure at least from the West, he gives to the East what it most needs; for "too much meditation and metaphysical speculation," he declares, "have ruined India." Thus offering to each what each most needs, and joining them in a synthesis whose name is "Joy" he unites the severed East and West in that "fundamental unity which is Humanity."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

God's Vagabonds

It was last Monday night at the Great Northern Hotel, in Chicago. He had long hair, and a face that faintly reminded one of Sir Henry Irving. His hands were dirty with the dirt that is ground into the pores by hard labor. He wore an ancient collar, and a funny round hat. His boots were without polish, and his clothes without distinction. He sat by himself. He was conspicuous.

"I suppose he is a cattleman come to Chicago to dispose of his stock," said I.

"No," said Harold Marshall, "I think he is a genteel bum."

"If you want to learn something of the social question, go over and talk with him," suggested Arthur Nash.

I did. With the liberty that members of the smoking fraternity exercise toward one another, I asked him for a match. A vacant chair beside him was invitingly vacant. I dropped into it. My cigar burned badly. I spoke of cigars, of cigar-makers, of their union. Then he talked, slowly, as one more accustomed to thinking than expressing his thoughts. It was easy transition from unionism to the I. W. W., the Socialist party, communism, and religion. He lighted and allowed to burn out many cigarettes. I asked now and then a few questions. He looked out of watery blue eyes upon the fat and foolish traveling men and talked. I listened deeply.

"As long as capital remains selfish and autocratic, labor must and will protect itself by labor unions. Yes, it is a fight. I know that fighting isn't the way of

living that's right. Yet we are forced to fight. Some of us weren't selfish enough to succeed. So we were broken. Yes, the union men *are* selfish. You see they are not different from the capitalists. The fight solves nothing? Yes, that is true, but we have to fight to preserve ourselves. The end of it all? Perhaps the end can be found in universal education. But now, when a man becomes educated enough he usually transfers himself from the utility, or producing, class to the capitalist class. The workers are ignorant. Most of the bright men are capitalists. The ignorant remainder fights as it can. Why curse the I. W. W.? They are our utility brothers who have been hard hit by capitalism, therefore they fight.

"There should be no Socialist party. Socialism is an economic theory. It's beautiful and humanitarian also. Socialists should have stuck to a program of education. Political action is fruitless. We are held together by economic unity, not political unity.

"Communism has failed so far because the members of the community are selfish,—some of them. Ruskin on selfishness was right. Selfishness is the barrier to human progress. There are other names for it, but they are phases of the same thing.

"My religion? It doesn't matter. Truth is truth, no matter what we each think is truth. Jesus had the right idea. He was one of those guys that was gentle and unselfish. He was not greedy. Any system of society would work if we were all like him. But we are not unselfish,—most of us. God is to be blamed for that if He is a perfect, all-wise, and all-powerful Being. We do not make ourselves. Perhaps God isn't perfect, but is doing the best He can. Perhaps He isn't born yet,—fully I mean. Perhaps He is making mistakes just as we are. Perhaps He is experimenting. Perhaps we are His experiment, or a part of it. Succeed? Oh yes, in time or eternity. How? I don't know,—not until there are more unselfish people. No, I don't believe that we can change selfish people into altruistic beings,—except through the generations at any rate. We are conditioned by our environment, our education, the ideas we come into contact with. This makes it impossible to change the individual except as exceptions to the rule. To progress, we must get hold of new members of the species, and throw around them a new and different environment. It wouldn't be easy to do this. Change the environment? How can we? Do we not make the environment as well as the environment makes us? It's an endless circle. If we could take the children as soon as they are born and transport them to a part of the world in which we could create a different environment,—but you see I am dreaming crazy dreams."

I went back to my companions. I looked over the busy crowd, the selfish, lovable mob. I thought of that other mob that shouted, "Away with him, crucify him." The noise of the teeming lobby resolved itself into that cry: "Away with him, crucify him." I thought of what Tagore said the other day, that we needed a fellowship of vagabonds. I thought of what Shaw said, that the wise man conformed to his environment, and the fool tried to make his environment conform to him, therefore all progress depended on the fool. Then I thought of that most lovely and lovable vagabond, Jesus of Galilee. We so need more fools and vagabonds!

HAROLD GUY DON SCOTT.

International Study of Effects of War Urged By Children's Bureau

The report of the U. S. Children's Bureau for the year 1920, recently published, concludes with the following recommendation from Miss Julia Lathrop, Chief, who visited the countries of central Europe early last summer:

"For six years children have undergone dwarfing of body and retarding of mental growth—an unknown number suffers from malnutrition and its consequences; an unknown number is tuberculous. . . . A picture of the results of the war upon the children of Europe drawn with scientific faithfulness, would be of world-wide service.

"Although political and economic understandings between the various states have not yet reached completion, the understanding among men of science is always complete, and a correlated study of the welfare of children would certainly enlist the aid of those who in every country are interested in this great matter, and who for the last six years have devoted themselves to the service of the young. Whether an international office, a government, or a private scientific foundation should furnish the necessary initiative is perhaps immaterial. The important consideration is that a way should be found to organize an international study of the effects of the war upon children, by the co-operation of the best authorities in every country."

This is the eighth annual report of the Bureau, which was created "to investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children, and to child life, among all classes of our people." The amount at first appropriated ($25,000) for carrying on the work, was slowly increased until in 1919, including the sum of $250,000, set aside by President Wilson from his special war fund, $518,160 was made available. As a result a vigorous nation-wide campaign was begun, and much follow-up work organized, to make permanent the accomplishments of Children's Year (1918). However, the appropriation for 1920 was cut to $280,040, making it necessary to abandon all activities under the state chairmen, and to curtail many investigations already under way.

Certain facts stand out clearly from the statistics presented in the report. One in ten of all babies born in the United States dies during the first year. The maternal death-rate is higher than in any other of the principal countries, over 23,000 women dying in 1918, as a result of child-birth. The Bureau has just completed its first study of infant mortality in a great city. In Baltimore, where the survey was made, it was found that "without qualification, regardless of color, race, or nationality, the infant death-rate varies inversely as the father's income. When the father's income represented the ability to insure care and comfort, the infant death-rate was one-fourth as high as when his earnings fell in the lowest wage-group."

A study of child welfare in a "representative coal-mining area in Pennsylvania" showed great congestion, and a very high baby death rate—165 per 1,000 population. Here 25,000 people lived within one and one-half square miles, mostly in two-story houses. According to the report: "This is a greater number per square mile crowded into two stories than in four, six, ten or more in New York City, where the congestion is notorious. . . . No yards or open play spaces

are provided by the city. . . . Two-thirds of the boys and one-third of the girls between 13 and 16 years of age had worked. Over one-half the fathers earned less than $1,250 a year; and it was found that unemployment due to industrial causes was greater than that due to all other causes combined. One-fifth of all the fathers had suffered industrial accidents."

Plans are laid for carrying the work of the Bureau, in the form of a general series of child-welfare surveys, into the extra-continental parts of the United States, beginning with Porto Rico. The report points out that after twenty years of U. S. government the adult illiteracy in Porto Rico is still almost 60 per cent, while 100,000 children between the ages of 8 and 14 years are out of school.

The Templars' Return to Palestine

In a late number of UNITY some account was given of the liberal Christian community in Palestine known as the Society of the Temple, and of its distressing experiences during the world war. Exiled to Egypt during the years 1916-1917, because of their German origin or descent, these colonists are now being permitted to return to their beloved homes in Palestine. Little by little they are recovering possession of their landed properties and houses and are trying to rebuild their shattered Zion. There are six colonies in all—Jerusalem, Jaffa, Haifa, Nazareth, Sarona and Wilhelma—which once contained some 2,000 people and were acknowledged to be the best settlements, agriculturally, educationally and morally, in the Holy Land. The present writer visited their colonies in 1912 and was deeply impressed by their prosperity and social, educational and religious life. Rev. George S. Kukhi, the Unitarian missionary to the Near East, has recently sojourned amongst them and bears admiring and sympathetic tribute to their worth and their brave endurance of their misfortunes.

Through his exertions and personal sacrifices the returning pilgrims in Jerusalem have recently been able to reopen their school, in which 300 pupils are instructed. Their superintendent, Mr. Christian Rohrer, writes us in excellent English:

I am writing these lines in my own house in Jerusalem. But out of thirty-seven houses in our colony here until now only five (inhabited by some ninety persons) have been returned to us, the rest being occupied by the families of British officers and officials. Week after week I struggle to obtain more housing accommodation for our returning members. In late January about forty more will arrive, for whom we have promised to provide. For these I hope to obtain some of the small outhouses in the settlement. Two hundred and eighty-seven persons will then have come back to their Jerusalem home. Thus far actual starvation has been avoided by means of grants by the Public Custodian of Enemy Property, and we hope to pull through until the next crop in June and July. * * * The three schoolrooms are my bedroom and kitchen and that of the head teacher. We have no school benches or blackboards. We are looking forward to a gradual improvement of our condition under British control.

The immediate need is a modest contribution of money to tide over this fine body of people until the restitution of their lands and houses and the ripening of their crops shall permit them to be self-sustaining. They are a self-respecting, industrious and intelligent community, and will soon make their dismantled homes and ruined plantations to bloom and blossom once more and yield their former plenty.

As the only settlers of progressive, radical opinions in Palestine, they deserve our sympathy and temporary aid.

Subscriptions are acknowledged as follows:

British Unitarians, through Rev. George S. Kukhi	$200.00
American Unitarian Association	100.00
Smithfield Evangelical Church (Pittsburgh), through Rev. Carl A. Voss	25.00
Rev. Charles W. Wendte	50.00
The Misses Cummins, Wheeling, W. Va.	20.00
Charles F. Dole	15.00
Mrs. Herbert Smith	5.00

Amounts large or small may be sent to Rev. C. W. Wendte, 165 Hunnewell Av., Newton, Mass.

The following letter, sent in behalf of the Templar Colonists to the British Governor of Palestine, is a pleasant indication of interdenominational amity and co-operation:

BOSTON, U. S. A.,
December 31st, 1920.

Sir Herbert Samuel, British High Commissioner in Palestine, Jerusalem.

HONORED SIR:

The undersigned, representing various religious bodies and phases of Theistic faith in the United States of America, respectfully commend to your enlightened sympathy and kindly offices the lately repatriated Temple Society of Palestine, in the reconstruction of whose settlements in Jerusalem, Jaffa, Wilhelma and Sarona, under the leadership of their Superintendent, Mr. Christian Rohrer, we are much interested and desire to lend a helping hand.

Through trustworthy reports, and in some instances from personal knowledge, we believe that these colonists in years past have shown themselves to be a valuable factor in the economic, educational and religious life of the Holy Land, and now that they have been permitted to return from their temporary exile in Egypt to their much loved homes in Palestine will again prove themselves worthy of the confidence and esteem of their neighbors and fellow-citizens in the new political and social order which is being inaugurated under your leadership. It would gratify us to learn that in you, honored sir, they have a friend and benefactor.

In the good hope that you will be inclined to co-operate with them, and with us, in their endeavors to rebuild their shattered Zion, we remain,

With much respect, Yours,

(Signed) SAMUEL A. ELIOT,
President American Unitarian Association.

LEE S. MCCOLLISTER,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Universalist General Convention.

CHARLES W. WENDTE,
Honorary Secretary International Congress of Free Christians and Other Religious Liberals.

STEPHEN S. WISE,
Rabbi Free Synagogue, New York City.

J. BARNARD WALTON,
General Secretary of the General Conference of the Religious Society of Friends.

CARL A. VOSS,
President of the Evangelical Protestant Churches of North America.

F. E. EMRICH,
Secretary Massachusetts Home Missionary Society.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

The Wisdom of the Peoples

I. The Proverbs of Spain.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt nor his wife a widow.

To reply to an evil word by another taunt is like trying to clean off dirt with mud.

God aids him who changes.

If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one.

He will never worship well the image on the altar who knew it when it was a trunk of wood in the garden.

Nothing in the world is stronger than a man save his own passions.

The way never to grow old and grey-headed is to die young.

O, a wise man indeed was he, who was annoyed that his works pleased the many.

God does the cure, and the physician takes the money for it.

Under a tattered cloak you will generally find a good drinker.

Kings go as far as they are able, not so far as they desire to go.

Every man is a fool in another man's opinion.

Of the great speak neither well nor ill, for if you speak well you lie, and if ill, you place yourself in danger.

Among the safest courses, the safest of all is to doubt.

If the horse were not shod with iron, the king would not be crowned with gold.

To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men is the wisest but withal the most cruel revenge.

Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.

Compare your griefs with other men's and they will seem less.

Owe money to be paid at Easter and Lent will seem short to you.

The doctor says that there is no hope, and as he does the killing he ought to know.

The wise man should do at the beginning what the fool does at the end.

If the pitcher knocks the stone or the stone knocks the pitcher, it is equally bad for the pitcher.

The poor man risks nothing when he meets a thief.

It is dangerous to mention ropes in the house of a man who was hanged.

However early you get up you cannot hasten the dawn.

The first step in the ladder of folly is to believe oneself wise.

Nothing is easier than to cheat an honest man.

I wept when I was born, and every day explains why.

Kings' smiles cut deeper than the edge of the sharpest sword.

Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance.

Serve a great man and you will know what sorrow is.

If folly were pain we should have a great crying out in every house.

When the lion is dead, even the hares will pull his mane.

The wise man derives more advantage from his enemies than the fool from his friends.

Laws like the spider's web, catch the fly and let the hawk go free.

In anger punishment smacks of vengeance.

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes even worse.

Virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than loved by the good.

We talk, but God does what he pleases.

One half the world spends its time in laughing at the other half, and all are fools.

Beware of silent men and of dogs that don't bark.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without aiming.

All those who look fools are so, and the half of those who do not as well.

He who loves not the loved one's faults does not truly love.

No mountain is so high that a donkey loaded with gold cannot climb it.

The wise man is capable of changing his mind, the fool perseveres in his folly.

James Waldo Fawcett.

SELECTED

"A Price to Stagger Humanity"

We used to hear it said that the cost of a world war would "stagger humanity." No one able to put any meaning into the figures that daily confront us can question it. More than one generation will go on staggering under the burden of those four years of destruction.

But there is something even more staggering confronting us. It is the possibility of military expenditures in times of peace that lead straight to bankruptcy. Here are the estimates of the various departments, submitted to Congress, as compared even with the swollen expenditures of the present fiscal year, which ends June 30, 1921:

	Estimates for 1922	*Total appropriations for* 1921
Legislative	$ 19,292,433.95	$ 16,236,901.95
Executive	2,449,461.90	2,053,795.00
State Department	13,683,528.94	10,499,697.91
Treasury Department	1,624,483,694.98	1,553,226,394.96
Independent offices	250,079,746.00	109,819,132.00
District of Columbia	26,419,644.99	19,478,604.87
War Department	938,227,567.26	484,439,435.20
Panama Canal	16,187,255.40	9,281,851.00
Navy Department	695,763,767.47	440,126,994.40
Interior Department	366,305,513.42	345,781,308.80
P. O. Dept. proper	2,399,020.00	2,206,329.24
Postal Service	585,406,902.00	504,399,000.00
Department of Agriculture	53,739,384.00	144,748,294.00
Department of Commerce	29,976,481.00	19,942,528.80
Department of Labor	10,835,565.75	4,912,430.00
Department of Justice	18,606,792.30	15,288,786.55
Increase of compensation	.....	35,000,000.00
Total	$4,653,856,759.36	$3,717,441,484.68

Note three things in these figures. First, that most of the billion and a half for the Treasury is a war expenditure, for interest on a war debt. Second, the Post Office appropriation is mainly a bookkeeping entry, since it practically all comes back in postage. Third, and most important, that the army and navy estimates for next year *are seven hundred millions more than they are spending this year.*

What does this mean, what can it mean, except that consciously or unconsciously we are getting ready for the next war? What is the use to talk about brotherhood, what right have we to call ourselves Christians, if we do not do everything in our power to prevent this suicide of civilization?—*The Universalist Leader.*

The World Hope

The world is sick with a sickness that calls for surgery, but its case has been largely in the hands of patent-medicine quacks, banjo-playing "doctors" and long-haired medicine men.

The symptoms indicate acute inflammation of the vestigial vermiform appendix, but Swedish massage, laying on of hands and voodooism have all been prescribed as the proper treatment.

We, the collective patient, know that something is radically wrong with us. But in reply to our timid complainings the statesmen-sorcerers have only beaten their tom-toms the harder and have called on us for larger sacrifices to the taxgatherer. The world, they tell us, is possessed of a demon who can be controlled only if we give him all that we have and everything that we can borrow.

Our banjo-playing international bankers have advised soothing syrup and the faith cure in the form of loans and credits. But under all this treatment the patient continues to double up in one acute attack after another.

There can be no health for the world until its appendix is out, no genuine convalescence until after the operation. So long as wealth is wasted and destroyed almost as fast or faster than it is created, it is folly to expect a period of great prosperity in America; futile to make loans or to extend credits to Europe in the belief that they are reaching the root of the trouble.

The World War goes on. The waste of life has decreased, but the waste of wealth is still appalling. Over ninety per cent of the vast sums that we are collecting in taxes by milking and crippling American business is being spent for wars, past, present and future. Millions are still under arms. Great Britain is spending heavily for military purposes in Mesopotamia, in India, in Asia Minor and elsewhere around the world. France is not far behind her. Great Britain, Japan and America are maintaining tremendous naval establishments. Many of the smaller powers, too, are doing their best to bankrupt themselves.

The man power and material that go for all this are worse than lost to productive purposes—they are largely squandered in destruction. Yet in the face of this folly, statesmen and financiers prattle of reconstruction. Talk of that kind is mere ghost dancing until a sincere effort is put forth to redeem the promise that was made to the world in 1914, and reiterated all through the war.

Many who had high hopes of the present League of Nations began to lose faith in it when it failed to take some forceful action on the great reason and purpose of its being—disarmament. No other world question is of the slightest importance beside that one, because a proper solution of all world troubles is bound up in it. A league that blinks it in a purely academic resolution and lays it aside for consideration at some more convenient season is not a world hope, but a world hoax. The excuse that armaments cannot be limited with America out of the League is not good enough. In or out of the League, America must and will respond to any honest overtures for disarmament. And America must inevitably join a league that has world peace as its first and unequivocal objective.

The war was fought to end militarism. A good many people nowadays wink cynically or sneer at this statement, but we doubt whether there is an Allied or American statesman who would have the effrontery to stand up publicly and deny it. The only way to end militarism and to begin reconstruction is by beginning to disarm. Unless a sincere effort to that end is made the Allied and American Governments will stand convicted of fraud against the dead and of a monstrous lie to the living.

Leadership, both in government and in business, has shown itself thoroughly blind and fatuous since the armistice. It has been off on a world chase for dominance, fomenting enmities, consuming capital sorely needed for home reconstruction, expending any possible future profits in preparing to defend its new sources of wealth. It has been arming in the name of peace, exploiting in the name of civilization, grabbing in the name of God.

Though military minds are not in agreement on the lessons of the war, we are spending huge sums on battleships, when it is probable that the submarine and the airship will greatly limit if not destroy their value in the next war—if we permit governments to keep on planning for the next war. With a majority of the people of all lands absolutely against war, it seems incredible that there could be such a possibility, but there is, unless that majority becomes articulate and militant for peace.

In the Borah and Walsh Senate resolutions there is a recognition of the world disease, a first attempt to cure it. The people of every nation should get solidly behind a movement for limiting armaments and spread the gospel of peace to the four corners of the earth. A demand by the people of every country for disarmament cannot be denied by the heads of any government. There are two strong reasons for this demand, one for each type of American: Profits and Promises. There can be no permanent gain for a nation except from the profits of peace; no easy conscience for a nation that does not keep its pledged word.

The net of every war is a deficit for the whole world. War profits are not profits at all, but waste paper or loot.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

OF SHOP WINDOWS

Looking closely at the glass windows of my shop,
I see in them the whole of my shop reflected.
Looking at my windows closely from the street,
I see in them the life of the street reflected.
Yet if I stand some paces away, the glass remains transparent,
And I see clearly through it to the things beyond.

If I look with close vision
Into the hearts of men,
I see my own small heart reflected.
I will try henceforth not to look at them too closely.

Thomas Burke.
"The Song Book of Quong Lee of Limehouse."

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

A History of the Art of Writing. William A. Mason. New York: 1920. The Macmillan Co. 8vo. pp. 502.

Since Isaac Taylor's notable work on *The Alphabet* many discoveries have been made regarding the origin and development of writing: old theories have been more or less invalidated and new ones have been suggested. The work before us is the most ambitious effort in its field. The author traces writing from the use of material reminders and crude pictography on through ideographic writing to phonetic characters eventuating in an alphabet. Chapters are devoted to many special systems. The picture-writing of American Indians is discussed at considerable length; the picture writing of the Aztecs and Mayas is well presented; a long chapter is given to Chinese ideographic writing; an even longer one is devoted to the hieroglyphic writing of the Ancient Egyptians. One of the most interesting discussions deals with that cuneiform writing which began with the Akkadian and Sumerian Mongols, passed into possession of the Assyrian Semites and lasted on with the Persian Aryans—a remarkable transmission in time, space and race. The summaries regarding the still mysterious writing of the Hittites and the ancient Mediterranean script, centering perhaps in Crete, will be largely new to most readers. There are difficult problems here and much still remains to be done before we can know to exactly what extent Egypt, Crete, Cyprus, Phoenicia, are to be credited as sources of our alphabet. The old tradition of the alphabet coming from Phoenicia to Greece is accepted by our author. Once introduced into Greece, its variations in that land and later in Italy are carefully traced step by step. The development of the Greek and Roman letters through the Middle Ages and through the art of printing is followed in detail. In so wide a range for his materials the author necessarily dips considerably into ethnology but it must be acknowledged that his ethnology is not very deep and is often of the pharasaic judgment kind. Thus in speaking of South Sea Island (Easter Island) hieroglyphs, he says that the Islanders first met were reported to be cannibals, which "seems quite incompatible with the fact that they were in possession of a system of hieroglyphic writing or mnemonics." Yet the Battak of Sumatra present a similar case; they are notable among the tribes of their region alike for cannibalism and a written system. It is almost a commonplace of ethnography that tribes conspicuous for cannibalism are likely to surpass their neighbors in culture. Inasmuch as the author makes no mention of the writings of India, nor of Malayans, it is not easy to see why he gives any attention to these Easter Island hieroglyphs, or to Lolo and Moso writings. Of course, his two main purposes are to demonstrate the development of writing in general from pictures on and to detail the actual history of our own system. Space lacked for an adequate study of Semitic alphabets and, as we have said, the writings of India are completely ignored. The author is frequently dry in style, but his material is such as to maintain constant interest. His book is illustrated lavishly with instructive, often beautiful, and well-selected pictures.

Archaic England. Harold Bayley. Philadelphia: 1920. J. B. Lippincott Co. 8vo. pp. viii 894.

Mr. Bayley is already known through his *New Light on the Renaissance* and *The Lost Language of Symbolism*. His new book pursues somewhat the same studies by much the same methods. His material is drawn from history, fairy tale, philosophy, legend, and folk-lore. His study is largely of words and symbols and his methods are far from those approved by most of the authorities in the fields from which he draws. He here makes a special claim for Old England; he objects to the relative neglect or belittling of English things; he believes that old British achievements are respectable and as worthy of examination as those of any other land. He holds that Rome did not wipe out British culture and that the Saxons did not write upon a clear slate. Therefore he objects to Skeat and his ready reference of all English names and words to Teutonic originals. For him the English language is much more British than Saxon and he thinks there are pre-Celtic words as well. He glories in finding similarities irrespective of time, or space, or race. His ideas, though daring, are often suggestive and cannot be brushed away as absurdities. He presents them so disconnectedly and indefinitely that it is often difficult to follow him. His chapter headings are quaint and attractive; among them are A Tale of Troy, Albion, Scouring the White Horse, Brides Bairns, Happy England, Peter's Orchards, English Edens. Chapters, however, have but slight connection with their titles; after an apparently irrelevant brief introduction the subject will be broached; then rambles at will follow; but toward the end of the chapters a return is made to the matter. Special emphasis is laid upon similarities between Celtic Britain, Troy, Candia and Crete. British things are not necessarily derived from those eastern districts; towards the end of the book he seems to look favorably toward Atlantis—in which case England perhaps would receive its Brito-Trojan culture before Troy. His general attitude and the bearing of his book will perhaps appear from a quotation. Having repeated the claim that "Bardism or Druidism originated in Britain—pure Bardism was never well understood in other countries," he says:

> Before superciliously dismissing the high claims of British Bardism it would be well to bear steadily in mind the following points: (1) the cultured shape of the extraordinarily ancient British skull; (2) Avebury, the strangest megalithic monument in the world; (3) Stonehenge, a unique and most developed form of stone circle; (4) that England was the principal home of stone circles; (5) that England not only possessed the greatest earth pyramid in the world, but that Britain was particularly the home of the barrow, and that there is no word barrow in either Greek or Latin, they seeming to have been essentially British; (6) that in Caesar's time the youth of the Continent were sent to Britain to study the Druidic philosophy which was believed to have originated there; (7) the remarkable character of the English coinage which dates back admittedly to 200 B. C., and for aught one knows much earlier; (8) that the art of enameling on bronze probably originated in Britain, and the craft of spear-making originated there.

The book contains an enormous mass of details and more than five hundred illustrations.

A Laboratory Manual of Anthropometry. Harris H. Wilder. Philadelphia: 1920. P. Blakiston's Son and Co. 8vo. pp. xi 193.

It is true, as Prof. Wilder states, that "it has long been a reproach to American science that now for

many years, the branch of Physical Anthropology has been so little cultivated." It is plainly for that reason that he has prepared this manual of anthropometry. Anthropometry has two sides—the one with relation to practical affairs, the other is pure science. From the practical side there has been no great neglect in this country: on the contrary it has largely developed. For personal identification, for judicious assignment of physical exercises to students and others under control, for the selection of men for military service, anthropometry is in general use. In all these practical applications, the effort is to take the fewest measurements possible, to reduce the instrumentarium to the minimum, and to simplify the methodology so that it may be easily acquired in short time by persons of fair intelligence. On the scientific side of anthropometry the tendency has been other. There are real reasons for the loss of interest and an attitude of distrust to the subject. Workers in physical anthropology have run wild; large numbers of measurements have been recommended or adopted that had no definite end in view; quantities of erudite publications have led nowhere and were not expected to lead anywhere. The instruments have been many, expensive and complicated and ingenuity was exercised in devising implements for fantastic ends. Again, here in America, we have been chilled in our enthusiasm by the very results of investigations carried successfully to an end. Thus, we all looked upon the cephalic index at least as a tangible something with some significance until Boas studied the children of immigrants; if there is really no meaning to *it*, where in all this tangle of apparent wisdom are we to get any result? But abuse of a good thing does not necessarily make it a bad thing. Physical Anthropology after all is the foundation of the entire science of man and it must receive full recognition. And Anthropometry is a large part of it. And a book which should give the essentials clearly and definitely has really been a desideratum. Prof. Wilder has produced a practical and convenient laboratory manual; it is an exceedingly conscientious piece of work; it is comprehensive and up-to-date. It contains the information which experience with students has demonstrated to be necessary. It begins with a description of the absolutely essential instruments and information regarding elementary biometrical methods. The different measurements are then studied in detail under two divisions—osteometry and somatometry, measurements upon bones and measurements upon the body. There are many books where skull measurements are adequately treated; there are few where thorough study of the other bones is suggested, none surely where the work is as thorough as here. All the measurements accepted and recommended at the Conferences of Frankfort (1906) and Geneva (1912) are given. Such others as seem to commend themselves through the actual studies of competent workers are added. Also such as seem to the author to present hope of useful results. All indices, and they are many, based upon these are listed and the formulae for calculating them given. One of the strongest features of the book is the tabulation under each subject of the results of study in relatively new fields; these tables serve both as material for reference and as a reminder of what remains to be done. The author constantly suggests lines for desirable original and independent study. All this material is brought within the limits of a single handy volume. The book is indispensable wherever instruction is given in this field; it is equally useful for the isolated worker who is pursuing original investigation either at home or in the field. The book should really go far towards removing the reproach to American science which the author mentions.

CHILDREN'S DREAMS. C. W. Kimmins. London, New York, etc.: 1920. Longmans, Green and Co. 16mo, pp. ix. 126.

This little book aims at the study of the unconscious in children. It is suggested by psycho-analysis and mentions Freud. Yet, probably from English prudery and unwillingness to call a spade a spade, it modestly refrains from touching upon a point of the utmost interest and theoretically important. The author says: "According to Freud, what is known as the unconscious consists almost entirely of material which has been repressed because it is painful and repulsive to consciousness." Freud makes sex fundamental to most unconsciousness. He and the other psycho-analysts claim that sex-impulses begin in astonishingly young children and make such profound impressions as to often affect the entire subsequent life. Kimmins' modest statement of Freud's position scarcely suggests sex and in his entire book he barely makes a reference to sex elements in child dreams. Either Freud is wrong, or the material studied by our author has been so delicately handled as to lose much of its value. He has had an abundant material at disposition. Thousands of dreams of children from five years of age up to eighteen, of normal children, of blind and deaf, of wards in industrial schools, have passed through his hands. He presents a summary of their contents, makes some interesting discriminations, and indicates the importance of this study to education. There is no doubt that a full and frank statement of the content of the dreams of any child would give information relative to his unconscious that would be of great significance in the direction of his education. The dreams here given are what one would assume who sat in his arm-chair and wrote upon the subject, without ever having heard of Freud and psycho-analysis, or of the budding of sex-ideas, or the aberrations of the "libids." With children so matter of fact and commonplace, the future of England looks bright.

FREDERICK STARR.

Men are coming to see that religion, so far from being simply a restraining and conserving influence, is also creative, and the inspiration and prophecy of a Divine Society. No brotherhood built on the baseness of human nature can long endure. It is a rope of sand. Jesus lived and wrought in the vision of the Kingdom of Heaven—the vision that is, of the communal redemption of humanity here upon earth; and if we are his disciples we shall watch and work and pray for the realization of

> the dream, the wondrous dream,
> Of a world without a seam!
> Man being one as God is one,
> Brother's brother and Father's son,
> All earth, all Heaven, without a seam.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

A Book a Week

Mary Badolett Powell Memorial

ABIGAIL ADAMS AND HER TIMES. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The story of the life of Abigail Adams, wife of one American president and mother of another, reads like a modern novel. All the elements of what might be called "a great romance" are here; and Mrs. Richards, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, is well qualified by special study and experience to tell it.

When we had finished reading this book we wondered why it had not been written a generation ago; were our parents unaware of the rich beauty and dignity of the life of this remarkable woman? Perhaps it was the tradition of "the inferiority of women" that held back the story,—the same tradition that inhibited so much wonderful value and denied so many souls the opportunity they merited. The barrier, whatever its nature, has been broken down at last; and the history of the earthly journey of Mrs. Adams, now available, should be read by every American girl.

Abigail Smith was born November 11, 1744, at Weymouth, Mass., the daughter of the Reverend Mr. William Smith and his good wife Elizabeth Quincy. She was heir to a stern Puritan upbringing, but was granted a far better education than was given the majority of girls in that day. The family library of the Quincys was a treasure house of knowledge, and the young lady spent long weeks of study there, unresistingly allowing a new influence to enter her life, an influence from which she and her children after her were to profit joyously.

The occasion of the first meeting of John Adams and his future wife is not recorded, but we know that they met, loved and were married October 25, 1764, when Abigail was just twenty and John twenty-nine. They went to live on a little farm at Braintree, near Boston; and their first child, John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States, was born there, 1767.

The life of the Adams family was undisturbed for a few brief years, but as the shadows of the great events of the coming Revolution began to fall across their hearth Abigail was left alone with her babies while her husband answered the call of his borning country and labored long and generously in her service. In the trying tasks set before him John Adams must often have paused a moment to thank Providence for his gifted wife; how he could have struggled through the maze of difficult problems by which he was surrounded without her help no one can say.

John Adams received many signal honors at the hands of the people of his state and country, but all those honors were earned by exacting labor, not by the great man only, but also by his devoted helpmate.

Abigail Adams was by nature a brave woman, and her courage stood her in good stead in the first twenty years following her marriage. A less steady heart would not have survived the trial. For those two decades were full to the brim with every sort of trouble and alarm; war, revolution, famine, plague, the absence of her husband on national service for the greater part of ten years—all these sorrows afflicted her. A lonely woman in a lonely farmhouse, often within sight and sound of battle, subject to the insolent demands of British forces to whom her husband was a traitor in arms and for whose capture a king's reward was waiting, faced with the eternal problem of the care and education of her children and the protection of her weaker and poorer neighbors and servants, Abigail Adams struggled on, obscurely no doubt, but none the less bravely.

Nor did the trouble end with the conclusion of the Revolution. On the contrary, a new set of problems were presented. The Colonies needed representation abroad; John Adams was sent to France, Holland and finally to England, at first as a peace envoy, then as a trade commissioner, and at last as an ambassador. When the necessity of prolonged residence overseas became clear to him, John Adams sent for his family; and the duties of the rebel's wife gave place to those of a statesman's lady. From one extravagant court to another Abigail Adams traveled, and for her country's sake endured the torture of being saluted by crowned monarchs.

It was with a long sigh of relief that she returned to New England. But the rest and quiet she had anticipated were not to be. When Washington was elected president Adams was chosen for the vice-presidency, and when the General retired Adams succeeded him, February 8, 1797. His term as chief magistrate was a troubled period, and when he failed of re-election he went back to private life a saddened and disappointed man. All the high honors of these two great offices had meant little to Mrs. Adams; her only interest in them was as they touched the health and happiness of her husband; for the rest, they were merely vexations to be endured for the sake of her beloved country. The principle of service was always strong in her heart, but public life held no other attraction for her. How nobly she served the new nation can be fully understood only when it is realized that had she been free to choose between the glamour of a great career and the quiet companionship of her husband in the seclusion of their farm she would never have chosen the former. The gift which Abigail Adams gave her country was that of personal service, as wife and mother, as active patriot,—a gift for which no adequate thanks can be spoken; a life spent in serving others—such was the life of Mrs. Adams.

The last years of her earthly pilgrimage were spent as she wished in the peaceful retirement of the mansion residence at Quincy which they purchased when they left Washington. Here she rejoiced in the prosperity of her children and grandchildren and in the affection of her distinguished husband. In 1814 they celebrated their golden wedding; and four years later Mrs. Adams died, aged 74, October 28, 1818, her husband surviving until July 4, 1826.

It is impossible here to quote from Mrs. Richards' admirable biography. We have said that it reads like a novel; we repeat that assertion, and commend the book to the attention of every American interested in the early history of our country.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

The patriotism of true patriots is an unconquerable love of freedom. True patriotism does not consist in fighting to redeem the errors of cowardly, corrupt and class-conscious rulers of one's country, but in securing the liberty of its citizens, so that, without any compulsion, these will stand as one man against any attempt to enslave them.—*Walter Grieg.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN ABRAHAM LINCOLN PAGEANT

Since the taking up of the duties of Director of Abraham Lincoln Centre by Professor J. M. Artman of the University of Chicago last December, life at the Centre has been going on with fresh impetus and increasing activity. Practically a new corps of workers has been conducting the work. Mr. Frank W. Lorimer, a Yale man and post-graduate student at the University of Chicago Divinity School, is Assistant Director. Miss Myrtle Middlebrook, formerly of Henry Street House, New York City, is Director of Girls' Clubs, Dramatics and Pageantry. The Boys' Clubs are directed by Emanuel Gebauer and M. L. Beck, students at the University of Chicago; Mr. Paul Mitchell, a student at the Y. M. C. A. College, is Director of Recreation. The Domestic Arts are in charge of Miss Madeleine Sloane who had this department last year. Mrs. Harry Ayres remains as Friendly Visitor. Mr. Wesley Golden continues the Manual Training work and Mr. Benjamin March, also of the University of Chicago, has the stage-craft work in hand. Miss Matteson is assisting Miss Middlebrook and acting as accompanist. Miss Helen Nagely teaches Piano.

The first public demonstration of the work of this group occurred last Friday evening when a Lincoln Pageant was staged under the direction of Miss Middlebrook, the book being the joint production of herself, Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Gebauer and Miss Ruth Pearson, Director of Girls' Work of the Chicago Municipal Playgrounds and Chairman of the Girls' Work Committee of Lincoln Centre. The parts were taken by the children of the Lincoln Centre Clubs and classes and friends from the community. The half hour preceding the rise of the curtain was spent in Community singing, inspiringly conducted by Mr. James J. Donnelly, formerly Musical Director at Lincoln Centre, now Musical Producer for the University of Chicago Settlement.

The Prologue of the Pageant sought to place the Lincoln story in its proper universal setting as but one of the many historic struggles of the human race toward freedom. Earth Mother sorrowed over the struggling peoples of earth and sought to know God's will and how to free the people. The prophetic voice answered her in Angela Morgan's beautiful lines:

"Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
I cannot speak till my people speak."

Suddenly a great light floods the scene and is hailed by Earth Mother as symbolic of a new deliverer:

"In every age some spirit heeds the call,
Shouting to tell the people they are free!
Great soul, light-borne, is it the past or future
You illumine?
All is one.
Here in the strange deep valleys of our fear
He comes—
A man for the ages—
Lincoln, wise and fearless leader."

The main part of the production was cleverly arranged. An old grandfather, seated in his armchair beside the fire, tells the story of Lincoln's life to three eager grandchildren, each episode being portrayed in pantomime on the stage behind them. Five events in Lincoln's early life were shown—a scene with his young sister, a wrestling and story-telling hour with the boys of the countryside, the familiar picture of the long evening hours spent in study by the home fireside, the memorable incident of his first contact with the horror of the slave block and his vow to crush that institution if God gave him the chance, and a hard times party which he attended with Ann Rutledge, the early love whose loss saddened his entire life. But two pictures were shown of his public life, the first of which, "The President of a Distracted People," was perhaps the most moving and real of all. It was simply yet powerfully done. The parting curtains revealed only a profile of the "quaint, great figure that men love," seated in his armchair, bowed beneath the burden of the agony and worry and responsibility of the long war and the enslaved people, yet suggesting with overwhelming pathos Vachel Lindsay's appealing conception:

"He carries on his shawl-wrapt shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain."

The last of the two scenes of his public life showed a southern home into which a kind letter from the tender-hearted President had brought consolation and healing after the great losses of the war.

The Epilogue presented symbolic figures of North and South and the Negro race rejoicing in peace and emancipation, but they soon become enmeshed in the net of prejudice from which they are slowly freed by their own struggles and the aid of Education and Labor. The last two figures emerged triumphant bearing the banner of democracy beneath which marched in long procession neighborhood groups of children of both races, singing with the audience Katherine Lee Bates' "America the Beautiful."

The playing of the organ, now subdued, now triumphant, by Mr. Charles Lee Cocke, Jr., organist of All Souls Church, throughout the entire performance gave a most fitting background to the story and added greatly to its beauty and coherence.

It is difficult to say too much regarding this production. It must of course be taken into consideration that the entire pageant was conceived, written and produced within the brief period of a month by workers entirely new to Lincoln Centre and to the groups of children and the community with whom they were working, but this statement of difficulties overcome only adds to the triumph of the achievement. Unlike most amateur productions, the performance really "got across" as the professionals say. It had feeling and atmosphere and moved the audience as such scenes ought to move an audience. It really made them feel and know the spirit of the great Emancipator. It is comparatively easy to have mechanical details of costume and stage setting perfect. It is very difficult to produce an atmosphere, to make a spirit live and stir an audience as the Lincoln Centre audience was stirred on Friday night. Therein lies all the difference between mechanics and art, a difference intangible and incapable of definition, but as real as the difference between spirit and matter, and vital to dramatic production.

The speaking parts were beautifully rendered—an absolute essential too often overlooked in amateur performances—and due in this instance to the careful work of Miss Matilda C. Schaff, who most generously placed her gifts and training as a dramatic interpreter at the disposal of the Centre.

It is to be hoped that this most successful production may be the beginning of a real "Little Theatre" movement at Lincoln Centre. There ought to be an ample field for this work in Chicago. New York has a number of such groups operating successfully and forming most welcome oases in the desert of commercial production. So far, Chicago seems to have had but sporadic efforts, except for the one successful and continued experiment at Hull House. In these days when the commercial stage revels in musical comedy, Follies, and "bedroom farces," there is no other way for the public to see great drama than through the work of "Little Theatre" groups whose interest lies primarily in art and in saying something worth while rather than in box office receipts.

SUSAN QUACKENBUSH

THE RESULTS OF THE LAST WAR

1. The capitalist class of the United States is richer and stronger. 22,000 new millionaires after the war.
2. High prices and unemployment.
3. Increase of crime and lynching.
4. Open shop fight against organized labor.
5. Denial of freedom of speech, press and assemblage.
6. German militarism crushed for the time being, but Allied imperialism enthroned.

That war to end war was supported by those who preach peace in time of peace. It was supported by those pacifists who recognized the Czar as a peacemaker because he was the chief originator of the Hague Tribunal. It is those same pacifists who are now back of the League of heavily armed Nations, the Naval Holidays, and pious disarmament plans.

Do not be misled. Your capitalist country needs you and can call you over night. And you will go again, unless you help develop the morale—the enthusiasm, the zeal, the fanaticism—to make a mass movement against those who conscript you.

—World War Objectors.

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